BELOW THIRD AVENUE. Record Work Being Done in and About Wanhattan Island Building Tunnels ... Woney and Lives Saved by New Meth-

ods-That Cavein Near the Walders. Another achievment was added recently to the long list of triumphs in tunnel building by the Pennsylvaria Railroad when the eastbound and westbound headings in the tube under Thirty-third street came together under the Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. As usual the work of running the tunnel had been planned with precision by the engineers engaged, so that when the headings met they were found to be less than an inch out of alignment.

This accuracy in running the line of tunnels is getting to be an old story. Nowhere was it better demonstrated than in the tubes under the Hudson River.

These tunnels are 6,000 feet long under the water and the work in each of them could be driven from but two shafts. Nevertheless, when the headings met under the theless, when the headings met under the conglomerate there and seemed to weaken middle of the stream they fitted almost to a the whole section of the earth between the

Never before, experts say, has such rapid and effective tunnel work on a large scale been done in the world. The Hudson River tubes were cut through a full ear in advance of the time originally set and similar progress is being made under Manhattan Island. The only place where the work has dragged is under the East River. Here delay has been caused by quicksand and the blowing out of comparements. the blowing out of compressed air through the roof of the tunnel, the bed of the river being too soft to stand the pressure.

The same state of affairs has been found in Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth streets between First avenue and the river front, Here the compressed air forces its way through the soft earth to the surface often

with force enough to ...t paving blocks.

A new remedy is now being tried with success. It consists in forcing English lime and cement down forty or more feet under the ground where the air blows through. Many of the leaks have thus been stopped.

In the old days the work of driving tunnels was considered the slowest, the most costly and the most dangerous of any of the world's tasks, so much so that manny tunnels that were started had to be abandoned on account of the enormous expense of the enterprise, as well as the amount of time consumed in the operation. Now all this is changed.

New methods of driving the tubes and new machinery invented by contractors have shortened the time of labor and decreased the cost of construction. And the danger to the men working in the tunnel has been reduced to a minimum in spite of the numerous cases of the bends reported. In many of these cases death results from he victim's own carelessness in rushing out of the looks without taking the precautions necessary to meet the change from

breathing compressed air.
The O'Rourke Company has the distinction of not having lost through the benda the lives of any of its workmen engaged in driving the tunnels under the Hudson. In speaking of the building of these tunnels Gen. C. W. Raymond said there had never been a better piece of work done or one carried out with greater determination.

Then he added: "Why, O'Rourke's autos are a great deal more dangerous than the tunnels he is

An idea of the speed made in putting the Pennsylvania tunnels through can be judged from the record of October last. There is carcely any variation in the figures since

On the twenty-seven working days of that month the best gain in ground made in any one of the headings was 206 feet, an a day. It has been stated unofficially that the work of boring the Belmont tunnel running from the Grand Central Station under Forty-second street and the East River to Queens has progressed at a rate even faster than the work of the Pennsyle vania tubes. There is, however, no way of verifying this statement, as the chief

engineer will give out so figures.

There is no doubt, however, that the work of boring this tunnel has progressed with remarkable speed. The company secured a great advantage when it got permission from Secretary Root, then at the head of the War Department, to sink a shaft on Man-of-War Rock. This allowed it to work from both shores and in both directions from the rock, making the sections short and much easier to put through.

The Thirty-third street tunnel of the Pennsylvania is now open from Fi'th avenue to the East River. It is forty-two feet wide and twenty-one feet high, just like the tunnel in Thirty-second street.

Later on a dividing wall will be built in each so that under each street there will be really two tunnels from Fifth avenue to the river, while from Fifth to Seventh avenue there will be one large tunnel with three tracks in it. The laying of concrete

WHERE THE TUNNELS MET, been about begins to begin

Although bored through rock so solid that no timber has had to be used for bracing it was the construction of the Thirty-third street tunnel that caused the cavein of the roadway alongside the Waldorf recently which nearly swallowed a loaded seh cart. The tunnel at that point is 100 feet below the surface and the c n ractors were look

ing for trouble there. Old city maps confirmed the inference they had drawn from the conformation of the strata encountered there and that was that they were crossing under the bed of an old stream. The stream ran in a general direction from north to south.

At this point the bed rock below the stream took a dip down, forming a sag or pocket, through the bottom of which the tunnel had to be drawn. In other words, the contractors had to cut off the keel of the dip in the strata.

When this work was begun it was found that an accumulation of water from the pipes below the street surface had gathered in this cup shaped place and with it loose gravel and earth. When the water was pumped out the suction undermined the top of the tunnel and the surface of the

This probably caused the asphalt to give way under the weight of the ash cart. There was not general settlement of the ground in the neighborhood and the foundations of the Waldorf, which rest on rock, were not disturbed.

LOST.

Explanation of the Absence of Two College Lads From Home on Christmas.

The worst mixup I ever knew occurred to two brothers who came down here a few days before Christmas on their way home. They came here from college," said the man who tells the story, "and as we were old chums they came to see me.

"I dined them in memory of other days and entertained them in other ways until and entertained them in other ways until
the time came for them to take their departure. I put them on the train on the
other side of the river. They were tagged
all right when the train pulled out.
"When the train stopped about seventyfive miles out one of them aroused the other
and told him they were at their destination.
The one who had done the waking left the

coach, supposing his brother was with him. When he reached the platform there was a crowd and he hurried into the station.

"Then he discovered that his brother was not with him. He rushed back to the train, but it had pulled out and was glimmering away down the tracks. Supposing that the brother would wake up somewhere. discover his mistake and return, he bearded a trolley car for home, as he supposed.

"After the ear had bumped along for about an hour the young man looked out of the window to see where he was. This did not eatisfy him. He went to the rear platform and told the conductor to let him

platform and told the conductor to let him off at a certain street.

"The conductor said he knew no such street. The puzzled passenger said he lived in the street named. The conductor replied that he neight be correct but that there was no such street in the town.

"There was such a street when I left here last September, said the young man.

"The conductor insisted that there was no such street.

"Ian't this ———?" asked the passenger, naming his native town.

"Isn't this ——?" asked the passenger, naming his native town.

"You are away off,' replied the conductor. The town you mention is about sixty miles away,"

"The young man saw his mistake. He took the next oar back to the station and learned that there would be no other train stopping there until roorning.

"Supposing that his brother had reached his destination, the mistaken passenger wired his people that he had made a mistake and would be home on the merning train. He left his address and put up at a hotel. "Early the next morning he received a

to solve the purrie, he departed on the second train bound west and reached his second train bound west and reached his

second train bound west and reached his destination.

"The father met him but had no information of the missing son. The wires got busy all along the line. Later in the day a message was received from a station midway between the home of the boys and the city where the first brother had made his mistake. The message was from the station agent. It read something like this: and spend fifteen or twenty cents, or at most a quarter, for roast beef and mashed potatoes, or stewed chicken and dumplings or fried catfish and coffee and pie.

this:

"Young man answering description, giving same name, here. Insists that this is where he lives. Wire instructions."

"The brother who had reached home took the next train east and got off at the station where the other brother had landed. When they met there was a roene. The brother who had stopped at the intermediate station was still deep in the effects of his celebration and insisted that he was in

"The brother who had come in search told his story. The other replied, with some lowic: his home town.

some lowic:

"You're a nice one to come here to tell
me I am not at home when you didn't know
your own town. Get out!

"The upshot of it was that the father
had to come on to convince the erring
son and brother of his mistake and the
trio finally left together and arrived home
in time for the Christmas reunion."

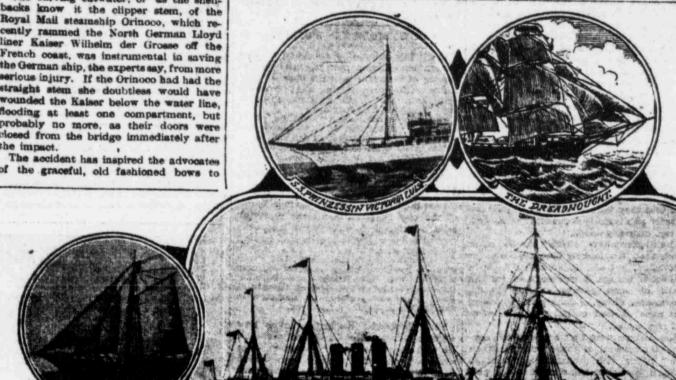
HARM IN ACCIDENTS is More Beautiful, say the Old Timers

CURVING CUTWATER DOES LESS

but Few of the Big Steamships Cling to R-The Wrecked Prinzessin Victoria ne of the Few Examples of the Curve. The curving cutwater, or as the shell-

backs know it the clipper stem, of the Royal Mail steamship Orinoco, which re-cently rammed the North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse off the French coast, was instrumental in saving the German ship, the experts say, from more serious injury. If the Orinoco had had the straight stem she doubtless would have wounded the Kaiser below the water line, flooding at least one compartment, but probably no more, as their doors were closed from the bridge immediately after

of the graceful, old fashioned bows to



not to be considered so much as those that smaah over the sides or quarters. These

the curved stemmed ships cannot avoid any better than the straight bowed craft.

Why not go back to square sails, the utili-tarians say, if it is an object to have beauty

and symmetry rather than strength, speed

and cargo and passenger capacity?

The old Anchor liner City of Rome, orig-

inally in the Inman service, had splendid

rhapsodies over their advantages, esthetic and otherwise. The Kaiser herself, they say, was not only saved from worse dis-aster but the Orinoco actually owes her salvation to her bows. Her overhang halted her way as she smashed through the heavy plates of the German and saved her

ARCTIC GKIP ROOSEVEU

from being hurt below the danger line.

The Orinoco is one of a very small fleet of ocean crossing passenger carriers that have the stem that once added beauty to meet of the great steamships and all the clippers of the past, when America had a merchant marine of which she was iners, the American steamships New York and Philadelphia, have clipper bows with what the nautical utilitarian would call the added anachronism of figureheads. These ships are among the steadlest affoat and take on less water forward in a heavy sea than the straight stemmed liners, but they are not in the greyhound class.

Believers in the straight stem say that it is the natural evolution from the mere picturesque, and is more economical in nstruction. It is true that the seas break under curving bows, but they incidentally ruin the features of a figurehead once in a while and not infrequently start a plate. The knee high steel breakwaters on the main deck forward of the eight storied liners usually take care of seas that topple

HOW WE ARE NOT LIKE EMPORIA.

We Gawk at Weddin's, Trot at Buryin's and

My! How We Eat!

New York is "the eatingest place on this

continent." William Allen White says so,

and any man of his waist measure has a

can Magazine bulges with conclusions.

One of these verdicts is that "in no other

Arrerican town do people spead so much

time fussing around their food as they

In Emporia, according to Mr. White.

The meal has no social significance, as

it has in New York. An Emporia man would

as soon think of inviting his friends to take

a bath with him as to take lunch with him,

for groceries have not got so far along in

"Here is another thing," continues Mr.

White, "that we cannot understand in Em-

poris, and that is the attitude New Yorkers

take toward weddings in what is known as

'society.' Our Gasette reporter says that

when he was in New York he saw a big

crowd gawking in front of a church; police-

men had to fight the women back to keep

them off the side lines, and he found that

these women-well dressed women, per-

fectly proper women, so far as he could

see and he has done 'society' on the Ga-

Emporia society as dry goods

most men to home for their noon meal, but a few hurry over to the lunch counter

spend in New York."

s, and the ourrent Ameri-

and any man of his waist measure has a right to be heard on such a topic.

Mr. White has been sizing up the traits of those rival metropolises, New York and affair—we call such gatherings functions.

lines and one of the finest elipper bows ever a natural evolution toward the straight fashioned, but she lacked the modern and cheaper bow. A very large number of element of getthereativeness. Massive funnels, through which some of the clipper bowed vessels of the past were not too big to sail; deckhouses piled one on another to skyscraping height; wall like sides, perpendicular lofty and unlevely however. pendicular, lofty and unlovely bows, do not form the idealist's vision of what a real ship should be. With the eye satisfying, tradition fulfilling element of rakishness gone, and mere steel poles without a shred of muslin in place of shapely masts, yards, booms and gaffs, the big record holder

seems to the retrospective old salt nothing

more than a floating hotel. But she is

solid, and that is what counts with the

ming and pushing and shoving to get a sight of the bride and bridegroom and the wed-

and sniff at it, and call each other up over the telephone—which always leaks—and laugh at the proud ones, or to give an-

funeral procession—the mourners all rode in closed carriages.

"This is odd to us, for in a funeral procession here in Emporia the hearse is escorted by the wagonette—à long, low, rakish looking craft, with a seat on each side. The pailbearers ride in the wagonette and have a moderately good time, and if it is a funeral of prominence the pall earers are generally leading lawyers or doctors or business men.

or business men.

"Following the hearse come the hacksnever less than three and sometimes as
many as a dozen. After the hacks in the

funeral procession come the double seated surreys -the undercut surreys taking prec-

surreys—the underout surreys taking precedence over the others—and after the surreys come the top buggies, and after them come the runahouts, and if the funeral is an unusually long one the syring wagons of the farmers bring up the rear. It is eans something to die in Emporia; it is not the every day event in a man's life that it seens to be in New York.

"Indeed when a prominent man dies on

to be in New York.

"Indeed, when a prominent man dies, or one whom we love, the Mayor in our town issues a proclamation calling on the merchants to close their stores and the banks close their doors at the hour of his funeral. And when Mr. Soden, who had run the mill for fifty years, died last summer, though his funeral was on Saturday, when the streets of the town were crowded with farmors who had come in to trade, the stores and banks were closed at the very busiest part of the afternoon, and we slipped on

and banks were closed at the very busiest part of the afternoon, and we slipped on our Sunday clothes and left Commercial street and sat for an hour on the lawn about his house, under the broad trees that he planted half a century ago.

"And while the preacher preached from the front steps of the porch of the house of mourning, and while the choir moaned inside the house, up town the stores were closed and business stopped.

"Yet Mr. Soden never held an office in all his life and would be counted a poor man in New York. But unless one contends that the death of a friend is a mere incident of the day, like the loss of an old hat, we here in Emporia see some things more sanely

here in Emporia see some things more sanely and more humanly than they do in New York, where death in a house only interest

"What New York can't see is how we can live in Emporia with so little going on at the opera house; and what we can't see is how a man who can have one hundred

Gazette-is either to stay at home

provided he is unhampered by traditions.

There is no disputing the shellback's

declaration that ships with the clipper stems

were and are handsome. The original object of this form of bow was to give greater

strength to the bowsprit and jibboom,

to which are attached the stays carrying

the headsails After the bowsprit was no longer needed in steam vessels there was

liner with most of the comeliness of the real clipper of the past. She had seen much rough weather in Atlantic passages and had come through it all without mishap. The consideration of expense did not enter into her construction. She was built to be a perfect excursion ship, to carry a limited

the Roosevelt, not from the standpoint of æstheticism, but because of its serviceability. The Roosevelt's is not a pretty bow, as it lacks the true clipper sweep, but Commander Peary found it mighty effective in crushing through ice clogged waters. Most of the polar ships have had

W. L. DOUGLAS

in any port of this practical world

never more will see so smart a sailing craft

Commander Robert E. Peary found the

clipper bow desirable in his Arctic steamer.

of the scroll work at the bows. The steeve

of her bowsprit was somewhat less, per-

haps, than some of the old timers, but it

The Cunarders long ago abandoned the olipper stem. One of their finest looking

ships, from the point of view even of some

who are not in the pessimistic veteran

class, was the old bark rigged sidewheeler

looked when under a press of canvas may

be imagined from the accompanying sketch of the famous packet Dreadnought,

which, under command of Capt Samuels, covered the distance between Sandy Hook

and Queenstown in nine days and seventeen

hours. Her ideal sheer and the steeve

of her bowsprit and jibboom make her

look a "sweet ship" indeed to eyes that

What the clipper bowed Yankee ship

made her seem more graceful.

Asia, launched in 1850.

waters. Most of the polar ships have had curved bows.

The clipper bow is the rule on the fine fleet of fore and afters that represent all that is left of the sailing glory of the American merchant marine. All the five and six masters, and the only seven master, the Thomas W. Lawson, recently center the clipper bow, including the five masted German ship R. C. Rickmers.

By the wrecking of the Hamburg-American Line's steamship Prinzessin Victoria Luise, off Port Royal, Jamaica, the clipper stemmed fleet lost one of its noblest models. She had all the advantages of an up to date liner with most of the comeliness of the real.

curved.

Advocates of racing steamships say that the only kind of bow for them is the knife blade sort that parts the seas when they are in a rage, instead of pounding them. Some yachtsmen like the straight bow for little craft, but for cup cusliengers and defenders prefer the spoon bow, like those of the Shamrock and the Defender.

CURIOSITY HUNTING. some Instances of Finds of Much Value

women, he says, who looked to him as though they might be coming home from the meeting of the bridge whist club at hars. Cleaver's or airs. Lakin's—were jam-Unexpected Places. years ago, in Yorkshire, a the farmer. In the morning, as they were about to start, a pointer dog was unken-

nelled to accompany them. The sporting collar was apparently a brass ring, which the farmer explained his ser ant had ploughed up the day before and tied to the collar. When the ring was removed the friend pronounced it to be gold, and he offered to ta' e it into town and get it valued. The farmer assented, but he said he would rather have some silver spoons than money. These the jeweller readily agreed to give, and he afterward sold the ring for £20. next time the ring changed hands it fetched

laugh at the proud ones, or to give another party the same night.

"Never would Emporia women riot around a wedding to which they were at invited. They would die first.

"Three years ago we sent Charley Vernon, the best reporter on the Gazette force, to New York for a holiday and he came back with a poor opinion of the town. The first thing that shocked him was to see a funeral clattering down the street at a fast trot and as we are rather accurate about such matters in Emporia Charley instinctively counted the carriages and found that there were less than twenty, though he learned afterward that it was the funeral of a man worth a million.

"We have had only one funeral in our town of a man worth a million, and that was three miles long. Charley says also that there were no buggies in that millionaire's funeral procession—the mourners all rode in closed carriages.

"This is odd to us, for in a funeral pro-£350, and it is now in the British Museum. It may be said that this is quite an exceptional case, says a writer in Chambers's Journal on curiosity hunting, and a man might live a hundred years and never get such a chance; but how many people ever make the attempt?

It is certainly easier to frequent curi-

osity shops in town; but you must know something about everything worth buying. I remember once being in a wel known jew lier's shop, and while I was looking at some old rings and trinkets my eye caught went to a farm for a day's shooting with aight of a ring which had in it a stone with a lion cut on it, and above the lion a single star. I knew it as a Roman gem, and it was the constellation Leo. When I asked price the dealer hesitated; and. the price the dealer hesitated; and, looking hard at me, he as ed me if it was a Roman gem. I replied that was what I wanted to know from him. He tried all ways to get me to confess I knew about such things, and when I presently put down the ring and was going out he told me he wanted 30 shillings for it as it was, but if it was a Roman gem he wanted more. I know at an analysis of the same of the

It is always advisable to turn over the loose stones you sometimes see exposed in the window of a small jeweller's shop, generally lying in a saucer. I got in that way a head which was appearing out of a tath. The stone was a yellow carnelian, but just where the neck was there was an accidental streak of brilliant red in the stone representing blood very faithfully. It proved to be a Roman gem, and is now, I believe, in the Ashmolean Museum. Antique gems are not commonly met with even abroad, and this way of picking them up in England is worth trying when you are hunting up curiosities.

was instructed to make her beautiful in-side and out. Apparently he thought the curving outwater more becoming to a great KLEPTOMANIA cruising yacht than the up and down com-To Be Tried on G. W. Johnson mercial stem. The Prinzessin also had the figurehead of the clipper and an elaboration

by a Rooster.

Who Was Hypnotized

Mrs. Sarah Washington Johnson is que at s A. M. on Tuesdays, but when last week she did not appear until late the following, day, and then with the request that the price of four days service be advanced to her, an explanation was called for. From her rather incoherent account her employer gathered that Sarah's rather no account husband, George Washington

Johnson, had got into trouble. On the pre-oeding Saturday night he had been dis-sovered going home with Col. Simpkin's finest Cochin China fowl under his coat. At the Monday morning session of the suburban court the Magistrate had imposed a fine of \$5 with the alternative of jail and Sarah declared berself inconsol-

able in his absence.

"But. Sarah, if he stole the chicken he deserves to be punished," declared her employer rather indignantly. "You work too hard supporting your little family to throw away money paying fines. Let him go to jail; it may teach him a lesson."

"Oh, no'm, Gawge nevah stole dat roosts ma'am, Sarah protested fervently.
"But you just said they caught him carry-

ing it home under his coat."
"Now, see heah, you eddicated, Miss
Ca'line," began Sarah carnestly. "You mus' un'erstan' it dis a-way. "On Sataday Gawge he git de job o' sweepin' up Col. Simpkin's chicken ya'd. De Colonei he promise 50 cents fo' de job

an' Gawgo he mighty partio'lar about it, ma'am. "Gawge he workin' away when along comes dat white roostah. Gawge, he say. he so 'sorbed wid de co'nahs dat he nevals see dat chicken till he crow an' flap he

wings a most in he face. "Gawge look down at de chicken an' de chicken look up at him. Gawge he say. 'Git behin' me. Satan. suh. I'se got Col.

Simpkin's chicken ya'd to sweep up an' I gin't no time fur foolin' wid you.' "Then why didn't he stick to his high

principles?" inquired Sarah's employer unpatiently.

"Yas, ma'am, dey am high principles."

My Gawge, he am a man of principles."

and Sarah wept softly into her red cettom handkerchief.

and Sarsh wept softly into her red oction handkerchief.

"Cercumstances, ma'am, is sometimes too pow ful for all on us," went on the afficient one. "I heard you say so yo'self, ma'am, jes' las' week when you loe' dat lovely lace han'k'chief through makin' over-ca'ful in sendin' it to one of dem 'ere steam laundry places 'stead o' truatin' it to me."

"Well, go on," meekly admitted the lady.

"As I say, dat ole roostah kep' on a lookin' at Gawge an' by-am-by dat roostah hypnotize him! Tee, ma'am, dat's de truf I'm tellin' you. An' den kleptomaniac sot in, an' Gawge, he say he didn't know no moah till day claim dey foun' him goin' home wid dat roostah."

"What did the Judge say to this highly scientific explanation?" saked Sarab's audience.

"He say dat de plea of kleptomaniac would not be accepted in dat cou't. Twen Jedge Jones, ma'am, an' he does known nothin' anyway. Dem Jeneses navah 'mounted to nothin' noway till day get day pa 'lected Jedge, jee' common, low dewn folks dat nevah giv out de wash. But you eddicated, Miss Ca'line, an' you kiew bettah."

This subtle flattery was not without its effect and the lady cautiously inquired:

bettah."

This aubtle flattery was not without its effect and the lady cautiously inquired:

"But if you should get George home, how are you going to cure him? Kleptomania is a very uncertain disease; he may be getting you into trouble again."

There was a truculent flash of Sarah's bright black-eyes and an ominous doubling of her brawny fist as she exclaimed:

"Nevah you min' about dat, nevah you min' about dat, Miss Ca'line. Jes you imm' about dat, Miss Ca'line. Jes you imme git him home an' I'se oure him!"

Girl's Escape Prom a Wildeat

When a young girl I spent several years or a ranch in southern Arizona. One day as was riding through the desert I noticed the sun's brightness gradually becoming ob-scured by a yellowish haze and the incressed force of the wind whirling great old

force of the wind whirling great clouds at dust everywhere. Dismounting and leading the horse, I discovered we were en the drybed of a river and partly protected from the fury of the storm. A clump of mescuite on the opposite bank apparently affording a shelter I decided to avail myself of it.

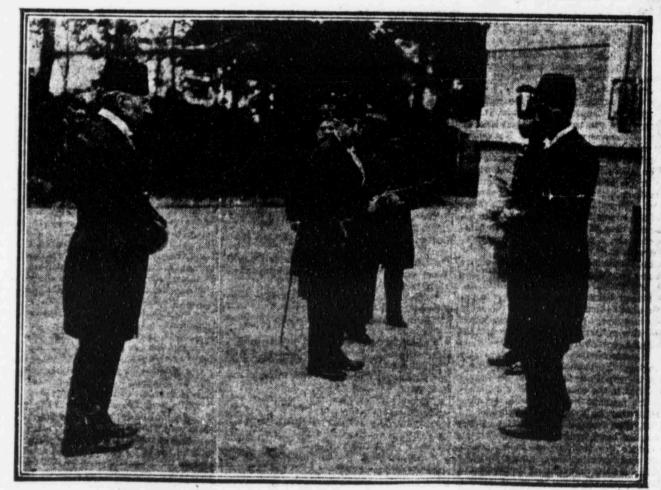
I opened the pouch containing my lunch. The latter was thickly covered with dust and I threw it into the nearby bushes.

Instantly there was a blood curling ecream and the flery, glaring eyes of a huge wident were watching me. The brute was crouching, working its way in my direction.

Just then another hair raising scream brought me to my knees, and there was the brute on its back, gnashing its teeth, with a culvering arrow in its side. Later I found that a party of Indians, who had been outrabbit hunting, heard the oat's growls and had shot it.

ONE OF THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Muzaffer-ed-Din Snapped in the Act of Practising With a Rifle While Taking the Waters at Contrexeville in France



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN OF THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA

THE SMALL OPENING IN THE ROCK SHOWS WHERE THE PENNSYLVANIA'S CROSSTOWN TUNNELS MET DEEP DOWN BENEATH THE THIRD AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

New Literary Test. From the Cape Girar-eau Democrat. The other day in a public library an attendant noticed a young girl sni fing sus-

when he asked the reason of her stranga conduct she told him fankly. "I sniff at a book," she said, "to see if it amelis of tobacco. If it does then I know it's a book a man has been reading, and that it's a good one."

feet of lawn and a kitchen garden to sprinkle with the hose e ery e ening after work can permit him self to be locked up in a long row of five and six story call houses, with nothing to distinguish one cell house from the other but the number on the door." This photograph of the late Shah of Persia, him. There is a tinge of melancholy in his at Contrexéville. France, in the hope of obfrom which he had been a sufferer.

He was distinguished as a rifle shot, and cients. he was about to make an effort to hit the bull's eye when the photographer captured

Muzaffer-ed-Din, is one of the last he posed expression, which may be in part attributed for. It was while he was taking the waters to his illness, or may be the natural pensiveness of a scholar, for he was not only a lintaining relief from the several ailments guist, but was well versed in the philosophy of Orient and Occident, also that of the an-

His mustache has been described as "fierce." but his expression, it is said, was

amiable. He was prematurely gray, chiefly because of long continued illness with kid ney trouble. There was an element of ney trouble. There was an element stoicism in him, which also may account the expression of his face. Naturally monarch ho came to the throne through the assassination of his father, and was himself threatened with death; a missing it narrowly in Paris, had need